Seriously Erotic Furs

AnthroGasm Magazine

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Tenth Issue

In the Country!

Equine Breeder

We talk to a stallion stud about his breeding ranch and girls

Barnyard Wrestling

While pa's away, Mirabelle gets better aquainted with the help

Swamp River

Joe comes home to a little surprize. The girlfriend's momma comes to visit him...

Alien Abduction

A plain country girl finds herself high in the clouds... Is she really moving on up?

AG Stud Aio Roberston

120+ Pages!

A mag for all forms of furrotica, big and small

A word from the Founder

The country... the simple life... once the work's all done what else is there to do? There's a lot of action on a farm but once its time to head back out to pasture its time for the anthros to have a little fun. With so many animals about, it must be hard to keep professional! Out that far in the country, you could get away with a real good time if you found the right company.

The Cast

Models

Venom Demme, Dusk Claymore, Darkwolf Vesperia, Delia Locataire

Studs

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Extras

Dracon Howley

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For issue TEN

AnthroGasm Magazine

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Joe's on the job and working the day away in the barn when he meets the farmer's very friendly daughter for some wrestling lessons.

3) Swamp River

Having a girlfriend like Joe's makes him quiet a happy male... wonder where she learned all she knows. Joe's mother in law comes to visit...

4) Alien ABduction

They say aliens tend to choose rural areas for their abductions... maybe Cindy will find a little excitement to spice up her day.

This Edition's theme

In the Country

Sensual Stoneworks
So, was it good for you?
Yeah, sure...
How R U? ASL?
Pfft... Newb.
I swear, Genny, It's getting so OLD... They have no imagination or style, and just say the same things over and over...
I know what you mean, Suzie. I got tired of it ages ago.
So, what did you do about it?
I went to Sensual Stoneworks. It's... Different.
Ohhh, yeah. This is different all right...

HEY! What is this? Let GO of me, you slimy, good for nothing...
Greetings, mortal morsle, Come unto me, and be fulifilled...
You TALK!? What the HELL are you?
Oh no... Let go of me right... Nononono... GHAAAAA!!!
...or perhaps just FILLED, it matters little to me, so long as you bear my spawn within your warm and fertile WOMB!
No... Please, don't... Spawn? Womb? NO!
Nuuhhh, stuh-stop! Don't! Not me! NOT IN ME!!!
<whimper>
Revel, my little breeder, and share in my seed! You now have the honor of being the next to birth my children... Many... many... children...
Well, it looks like she got her wish, Merry... She found something different.
Hope she likes it...
She seems... 'Entertained'... Anyway, Minx, wait until she makes friends with all the other 'pets' around here. That should amuse her for months...
Sensual Stoneworks

INTERVIEW WITH VESUVAES KUKULCAN

Basinium Dapto: We are at Shady Grove Stables today with owner and alpha stud Vesuvaes Kukulcan! Such a mighty stallion standing here in the warm sun... mabye he can give us some info on how to be a good breeder huh?

Vesuvaes Kukulcan chuckles and then nickers lowly, "How to be a good breeder?" *nickers and paws the ground with a hoof, the stud shaking his large head* "Well I suppose I never put much thought into it. The mare does most of the work after all, I just hop up on her back and get the whole thing started. And keep them protected from the other stallions of course!"

Basinium Dapto: Well of course *hides his Broodmaster title* a Fellow breeder can understand that... so tell us a bit about how you came to have such a nice breeding ranch? Or is that what you call it?

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nickers, "Well unofficially that is what Shady Grove is, though its really more a place for Fellow equines to be able to be themselves. Our emphasis is on a constant FreeForm roleplay, in the interest of those horses who enjoy being more horse than human as their anthroselves."

Basinium Dapto: Ohh so breeding is secondary then? Mabye these equines can get to know each other here and then eheh? Find a breeden' stud?

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: We have an official ranking system and group for the many members of the herd. It has been really awesome seeing more and more new faces around here. Of course, Shady Grove isnt for everyone. Those who arent interested in roleplay or being more equine than not would probably feel out of place here. For those who do enjoy that, there is no other place in SL like here. We encourage anyone interested to give it a shot. We even have stable hands and a vet.

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: Well, breeding and mating is very implicit within the more feral theme of the place. I should make clear that Shady Grove is not a sex stable, and sex is not the primary theme. However, we are a fully mature enviroment, and encourage the horses to just 'be in the fur'. There are many places within the stables with more private nooks and places to go for those who find the mood happens to strike. Everything is very freeform out here.

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: Everyone has their rank shown at all times, and the system is setup in a way to clearly define consent rules and expectations with breeding in addition to other things. For example, a Mid-Rank Beta and a <3 Beta Mare <3 are about the same rank, but the <3 Beta Mare <3 could be Forced without consent by a higher ranking or larger stallion

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: So while breeding certainly occurs and encouraged, it is really just one of many Facets of roleplay that the community engages in.

Basinium Dapto: Ohh.. so you have a lot of girls under you I take it? ^^

Vesuvaes Kukulcan smiles, "Yes there is a title For the mares who I will give another stallion a beatdown For Flirting with. I protect each and every one of them, and they are all dear to me. A Few have even produced Foals."

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: Though there are many mares who are available as well. I am not so greedy to take them all For myself. *chuckles*

Basinium Dapto: WonderFul... thats a sign of a good ranch to me! So as the owner, do you have your own personal collection of girls that you breed with? Do you breed with them explicitly or is that an issue?

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: The stables are actually owned by three equines. MyselF, Roses Udal, and Rd Hesse. I handle the building and most of the administration, and am the Alpha Stud of the herd. As Far as breeding rules are concerned, our ranking system and requirements are only enForced within the boundries of our stable. Outside, everyone is Free to do whatever they like, and the lower ranks have many iF not all of the same Freedoms. The <3 Alpha's Mares <3 are my personal broodmares, though I sometimes will take a liking to a beta without claiming them. For the most part, I think of myselF more as a herd leader rather than an owner. The stables belong to any horse who wishes to call them home ^^

Basinium Dapto: I see, so this clearing here is the meeting area then huh? Could you tell us some typical activities that might take place here among equines?

Vesuvaes Kukulcan smiles, "Well I suppose it depends on the group at the time. You may Find some standing in a group and talking one day, and other see several smaller groups courting each on their own. Occasionally a bit of a tussle may break out, though these things can been seen all around the stables, this pasture seems to get alot of use.

Basinium Dapto: Tussles huh? Sounds like you equines have your own language... would you say that was correct? I've noticed equine Families tend to have their own way of doing things.

Delia Locataire looks to Roses stall and smirks a bit, then whispers down to him, "Sometimes, when no one's around, I open all the windows, doors, and gates." She then giggles. Roses Udal cougghhsss. Delia Locataire whuFFles a bit at the top oF Roses' head and then swats his rear with her tail. Delia Locataire whickers and grins. "I'm airing out the stables!" Delia Locataire whinnys! Roses Udal Flicks his ears as they get whuFFled on. Nomnoming on her arm then jumping some at the Fact he got rump swatted with tail. Roses Udal Flicks his ears as they get whuFFled on. Nomnoming on her arm then jumping some at the Fact he got rump swatted with tail.

Roses Udal: No wonder you haven't been humping lately. Its to cold For big vesu to come out and play

Delia Locataire nickers and giggles like the lil shit she is. "Hey, like I said, when no one's here I open everything so that that stank can get out a bit."

Roses Udal: Huh? Wha Skank? Ohhhh.. stank. Delia Locataire nickers and nips at Roses' neck, blustering a bit but grinning.

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nickers and nods, "Yes indeed. We can say so much even through the simple array of sounds and combinations of body guestures From the ears to the tail. We are very sensual creatures and tend to stick to our own. Though this is not always true."

Basinium Dapto: I see we have some Fellow equines wandering over? Who are all these guys? ^^

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nickers, "Well Roses Udal is the 2nd rank stallion of the herd and also one of the three main owners of the stables. He is the cute looking little appaloosa with the yellow bow on his tail. Delia Locataire is one of the <3 Beta Mares <3 and is a big sweetheart, clydesdale mare. The younger stallion before me is known as Bolt.

the large stallion glares at the other Face to Face "My Filly seems to like him For some reason.*

Basinium Dapto: Oh you have a Filly huh? Congratulations. How many young do you have? this is a big place..

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nods, his eyes sparkling even more than usual, the Friesian quite proud of his Filly, "She is a registered Friesian sport horse. Quite beautiful. I also have a gypsy vanner-Friesian cross colt by RaFFle, one of the alpha mares. They are the only two who have been kept For the stable."

Basinium Dapto: Oh... so would you divulge the number of young you've had... or think you've had over the years?

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nickers, his ears perking up, "I am the registered sire of over 200 Foals, both colts and Fillies of a variety of disciplines, many of which are part of the show arena."

Basinium Dapto: Who's this pretty Alpha mare that just walked up? That is if she's part of your brood :P

Vesuvaes Kukulcan hrrhrrs happily, looking over to Annalise, "Beautiful isnt she. She is a beige palomino, pure egyptian arabian. A model mare show horse, playful in spirit and still young. She has not yet had a Foal."

Basinium Dapto: Then she is a beautyful Filly indeed. Why don't we take a look at the stables? Mabye there's a certian Filly that might like to show off her space.. *is nudged by Delia*

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: Very well, Follow me. I will take you to her stall.

Basinium Dapto: So who's stall is this?

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: This is Delia's of course. Each stall is customized to the horse's own interests. Most have a working window and the main stable all have the double swinging doors and a fresh bed of hay on the floor.

Basinium Dapto: Very nice, I like it... I bet if I were an equine I'd be very comfy here ^^ So who's this little guy reading on the floor here

Vesuvaes Kukulcan laughs, "Well looks like Roses is looking at a piece from his... sample selection of... pictures."

Basinium Dapto: My goodness looks similar to AG XD So who gets a stall in your hierarchy? I have a feeling your favorite broodmare might have quite a place ^^

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: The stalls are actually seperate From rank. The owners of course have our own stables, though the rest of the stalls are Free to rent to any hooFed anthro or quad. Most run For 375L per week For 100 prims, though there are a Few smaller 65prim stalls For 250L a week.

Basinium Dapto: Very Fun! I bet you get a lot of small time breeders hanging around here huhz? Why don't we take a look some of those places if you will ^^

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: Well the place most suited to breeding would be in the veternary Facility. Though it occurs more naturally anywhere on the grounds. We will pass through the public washbay, and then towards the vet office.

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: Inside, there are two holding stalls where the stallion and mare are allowed to see and scent eachother. Or if necessary, we quarintine a sick horse there. The room to my left is the breeding room, designed For assisted breeding when necessary.

Basinium Dapto: Assisted breeding huh? So do your girls help out with activities on the ranch? I hear Delia has taken care of one of your Foals in the past.

Vesuvaes Kukulcan: The horses are all cared For by our wonderful veternarian, who is a centauress, and two vulpine stablehands. All of the herd of course watches out For one another, though stable duties are handled by the staFF

Basinium Dapto: That makes sense.. hard to do medical procedures with hooves :P

Vesuvaes Kukulcan chuckles and nods, "Indeed."

Basinium Dapto: But it sounds like the equines here are a much better at other things... like breeding...

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nickers and perks an ear, "Some of us have our share of experience with that, yes. ^^"

Basinium Dapto: Well lets see the vet's area.. mabye we can have a Filly model as the patient... "Hey why's everyone backed up against the wall?"

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nickers and grins, stepping up to the dragon, "Perhaps they are nervous about being bred" *the large stallion says as he eyes the reptile with a large grin*

BoltSilvermane Thunders: uber quickie?
BoltSilvermane Thunders: Yeah, Baby!

Basinium Dapto: Don't blame em... so does this plastic mare get much use? I can't imagine why one would need such a devise with all this prized Fillies around.

Vesuvaes Kukulcan chuckles, "It is common For a prized stud to have his seed collected and sold to other stables who are unable to, or otherwise do not wish For their mares to be shipped to the stud's stable. The plastic mare provides a safe way For the handlers to collect From a stallion, though it also can be done by hand."

Basinium Dapto: By hand huh? Do the vulpines you employ ever do this? I bet there are quite a Few that would like the job! Oh I did hear some equines tend to have a one track mind...

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nickers, "We are slaves to our hormones. The scent of a mare in heat will do all sorts of things to a stallion." *the large equine hrrhrrs deeply* "We have just as little choice in the matter as the mare."

Basinium Dapto: I understand that... dragon breeders are pretty similar in that way.. they don't like to stop till the job's done...

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nickers, "It usually only takes a stud once. An equine's post ejaculate naturally seals the mare, Forming a sticky barrier after she is bred." Vesuvaes Kukulcan grins, "Not that that stops us From giving it another go anyways during heat."

Basinium Dapto: I bet... and its all For a good cause to huh... so how many times do you breed a girl during her heat? Or is that top secret?

Vesuvaes Kukulcan chuckles, "It all depends on the mood really Sometimes we mate once, other times many It all just depends when the mood is there. Occasionally though we are bred by outside hand, and this is where that is done. The mare's bridle is Fed through the metal loop, and her hindlegs hobbled to the rings on the Floor. The stallion is then led up by a trainer on eachside, with leadropes Fastened on either side of his bridle.

Basinium Dapto: I bet thats quite a sight... well maybe we can take a look sometime...

Vesuvaes Kukulcan grins, the stallion craftily looking the dragon over, "Oh yes... Im sure we can arrange a very.. personal experience, just For you. For educational purposes of course." *the stud smirks and swishes his tail against the other male*

Basinium Dapto: Hehe Oh? Bi stallion are we :P Well I'm afraid the dragon would just be watching... maybe we can check up on you guys in another issue.

Vesuvaes Kukulcan snickers, "Well this is the roundpen, covered in the shady grove. Being its the part of the stable that we are named after, I figure it deserves some recognition."

Basinium Dapto: And what takes place here... Oh oh any breeding here? I like to think of the stallion and mare in a serene natural envionment...

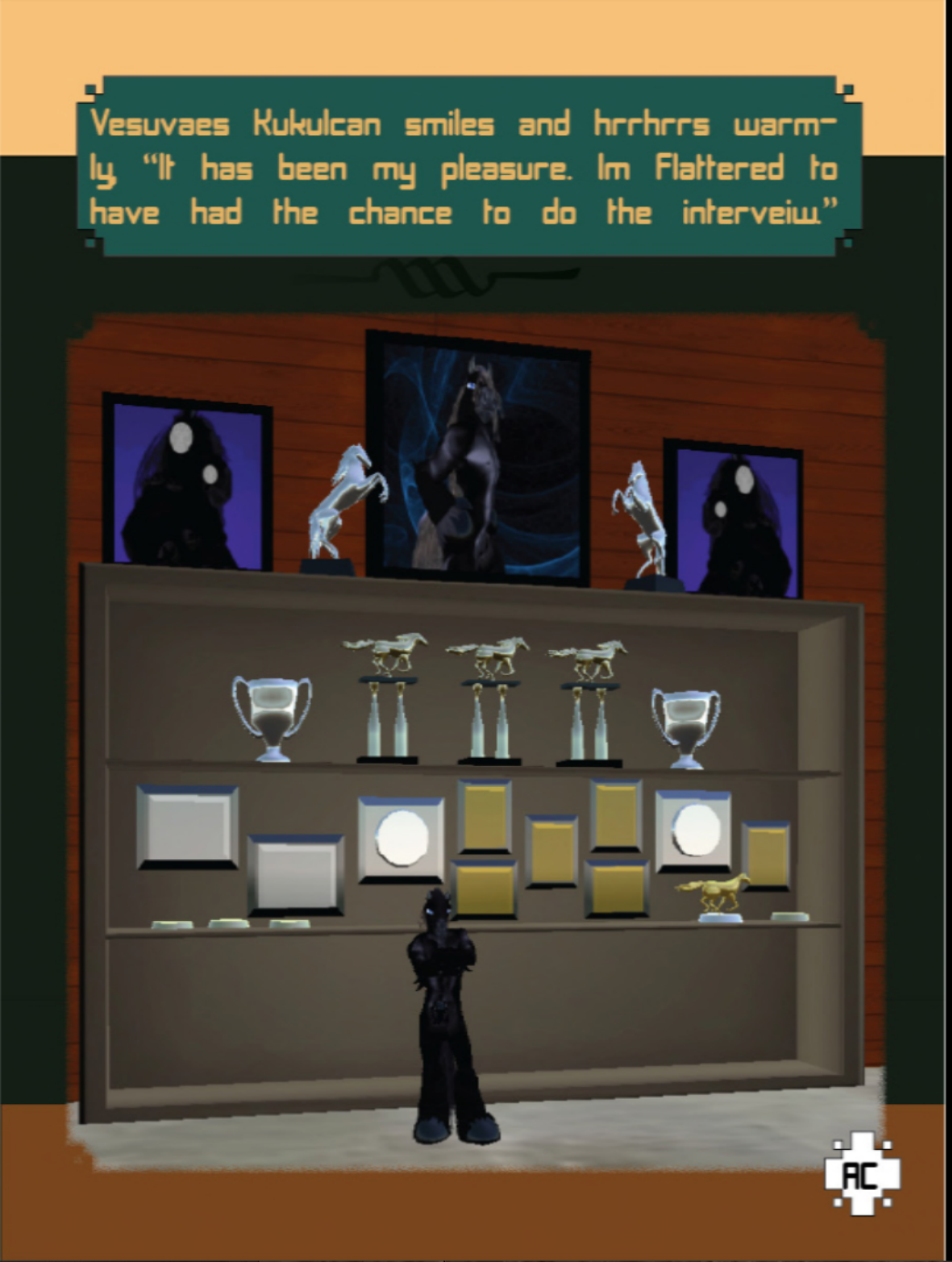
Vesuvaes Kukulcan smiles, "It has happened on one or two occasions."

Basinium Dapto: Well better than nothing huh! I bet it only takes one or two tries with a stallion like you!

Vesuvaes Kukulcan nickers and nods with a grin, swishing his tail. "And last but not least, is my own personal stable, also where my prized Filly is housed. There is much more to the ranch to come and see, its a shame we did not have time to see all of it. Though I suppose that leaves a little exploring to do For newcomers" ^^

Basinium Dapto: Well I think the chance to run into one of your ranchmembers is reason enough to come ^^ and who knows you might add something too huh? Its been Fun to see a bit of what its like to be an equine Vesu! Thanks For giving us the deluxe tour!

Vesuvaes Kukulcan smiles and hrrhrrs warmly "It has been my pleasure. Im Flattered to have had the chance to do the interveiw."



RUMOURS?

WELL, AT LEAST YOU'VE ACTUALLY HEARD OF US

FurPleasure

For Pleasure

CLUBBING, RETAIL, RESIDENTIAL AND RELAXATION

@ FURPLEASURE 82.110.29

Tyrant Arai
as George
The Farm-Hand

Set Design
BARK Malinow

Props
DevinBlade Otsuka

Director
Lyoko Summers

Barnyard Wrestling

Ice cubes clinked rhythmically against the sides of the glass in Mirabelle's paw. Each step the young feline took seemed to cause them to stir with more vigor with her energetic stride. Mirabelle couldn't understand why her father's workers came and went so frequently and was determined to make the new one right at home. With proud, bountiful steps Mirabelle approached the farmhouse where the new hand named George was usually working.

A rustling from a hay pile near the entrance to the barn caught Mirabelle's keen sense of hearing. With a smirk the young lioness confidently approaches George with the cold glass of lemonade held out before her. "Well hi there George! Workin' hard?" she chirped. From behind the hay the large fox pops his head up and gives her a quick look over. "Yes ma'm. Hank keeps me mighty busy. I mean your father." He replies in a slow drawl. George reaches up with his muscle-bound arm to wipe his brow. The midday heat didn't make farm work any easier and George had learned to lifting the hay piles in one big go was the easiest way.

"I's seen ya liftn' those hay bales Geeoorrge and I thought ya might want a little somethin' to qench your thirst." George nods and stands up before the young curvaceous feline. Mirabelle stands waiting for the big fox to reach for his drink. Meanwhile her eyes run up and down his masculine body, admiring his well defined muscles adorned with beads of sweat. "Well I thank ya kindly." He says as he finally reaches out for the glass now forced to lean his bulk forward. With her feline reflexes Mirabelle slides a soft paw along his back. George takes the glass and begins to drink slowly as Mirabelle's paw slides against his back muscles, collecting his sweat as it presses downward on his toned body. "My... you've been workn' hard as could be." She says in a sympathetic tone.

As he finishes a gulp, George looks up at her with big eyes. The farmer's daughter couldn't be more than a few years younger than him... though nothing had come up about talking to his daughter it was known that Hank was not the most forgiving employer. "Give ya a backrub if ya want..." Mirabelle offers with a seductive purr. The girl's whiskers tickle his shoulder and her breath blows against his sweaty face with a cool breeze. In shock and confusion, George pulls away and stands to face her, deliberately keeping his mouth full with the last drops of lemonade. As he swallows Mirabelle rubs her paw along her stomach, his sweat dampens her fur and Mirabelle takes a deep breath. "Oh well ma'am... I don't think boss would approve- I'ma sorry to say." His words were lost to the girl as she holds her damp paw up to her feline nose.

Eyes closed tightly, she inhales his sweat accompanied by a light musk. With a shiver she replies to him as if he had never spoken, "You know George... I get all hot and sweaty too sometimes...you know I love to wrassle. Do you wrassle George?" The muscle-bound fox nods slowly, unsure of her intentions. "Come on George! Lets sit in the barn while you finish up that drink. George looks down at the empty glass but decides not to upset the boss' daughter and walks after her with heavy footsteps.

The tired fox follows the feline's flicking tail as it catches his eye, drawing attention to her high cut pants. George fixates just below her tail and could swear he saw part of her pink tailhole before she twirls around. Mirabelle kicks the straw a bit as she stands pretty for him her gaze fixates on his crotch... she notices the pronounced bulge his package gives to his shorts.

“Them pants are perfect for wrassln… they don’t give no place to hold on with. Come on I’ll show ya!” she bubbles then waves him on over. As the big fox lumbers towards her, Mirabelle bites her lower lip and grinds herself down into the dry hay. Pieces of straw poke at her loins and she begins to purr lightly as a whiff of George’s sweat reaches her nostrils.

“Now I ain’t too sure about this Bell’” George complains with another great wipe of his brow. Mirabelle stands up on the hay pile and takes a diving leap for her new playmate, “Come on George catch me! See if you can wrassle me down!” she squeals with delight. The big fox finds himself caught off guard. He grabs the flying feline and carefully sets her down on the ground. “Well now…” he says in a slightly abrupt manner.

“Feelin like a champ?” she taunts. A paw grazes his right shoulder and pulls downward while her other paw digs into his left hip. The fox grunts in surprise at the strength of the girl.

Fearful of hurting the boss’ daughter, George deflects her attempts to topple him. Grunting though her purring, Mirabelle bends over and hugs George’s midsection. “Come on George ya ain’t even tryin… be rough I’m a big girl now!” she squeals, her purring nearly out shadowing her voice. A dampness pervades Mirabelle’s loins as she inhales deeply, she feels her breasts pressing firmly against George’s washboard abs. George doesn’t give an inch of ground and his masculine form dwarfs the crazed feline as she huffs and purrs against him.

With his paws on her hips, George tries his best to keep up with her attempts, not to keep from bowling over but from groping her soft form. Mirabelle throws herself against him, her breasts rub and flatten against his sweaty chest, "George... You're gettn me all sweaty... " she comments with eyes on his. Her gaze shifts down to his pectorals and she places a paw on his left pec and tests its texture. The fox's pants feel tighter as the young girl giggles and squeezes him and he swallows hard, trying to keep clean thoughts. Just then the young feline's top suddenly pops off, "Now I won't get all sweaty, daddy doesn't want me gettn' my clothes all dirty."

George can't help but look down at the perky breasts now rubbing firmly against his body. He takes a deep breath before he sees his clothing budge outward below. Mirabelle's cock radar senses his arousal and before he knows it she's rubbing herself against his budge. "Oh George that's fightn' dirty..." she says with a smirk as she nuzzles his chest. "Oh my word I'm sorry!" George yelps but as the words leave his mouth Mirabelle bends over. The feline muzzle twitches as she inhales his deep musky scent, she continues to antagonize him with her left paw as the other removes her cutoffs causing her nose to grind his package.

Panting, George relinquishes his efforts to thwart her assault as a sweet scent catches the cool draft from the doorway. "Mmmm... I'm corn fed hunny..." she coos as she runs a paw though her soft cleft. With a graceful motion, Mirabelle brings her paw up his chest and pets his muzzle with it. "Please don't tell daddy..." she says in an innocent tone. George groans as her other paw massages his sac relentlessly, causing his cock to press painfully against his shorts.

Sensing his pain, Mirabelle stays attached to his gaze as she undoes his tassels. Like an avalanche George's package falls free an bounces before her. Groaning though the purrs the feline presses her body against his causing his thick cock to drive up and almost between her breasts. "This is my favorite kinda wrasslin…your turn hun." she declares… feline paws energetically caress him in two different places.

The fox's exposed package catches a breeze and a strong musky odor fills the air. Mirabelle wrinkles up her nose as she catches a whiff while caressing the sweaty sac with a steady milking motion. "You sure don't wash much do ya." She says, her smile returning. "Its ok, I like the way boys smell." She chirps with a cheerful smile.

George's muscles ripple as his cock pumps to life… he feels his primal urges kick in. Suddenly the big fox grabs Mirabelle by the hips, "That's it… show me what ya got!" Mirabelle squeals as the strong hands grip her. With a lurching motion George bends her over and he gets a good look at her tailhole, puckered under her calm tail. His thick hands run down her thigh and she coos at the touch… Mirabelle's young pussy clenches up as he begins to stroke it. "Mmm I knew you'd want to play with me." She sighs contentedly.

Below her the fox cock stands fully erect. The pulsing rod drags against Mirabelle's breasts, causing her nipples to catch on the sticky shaft. George's cock stands below her thick with veins and proportionate to its owner, the cock nearly lifts Mirabelle off her paws. A mix of cooing and purring fill the barn from George's petting. George pulls Mirabelle's tail as she pushes against him in a futile attempt to topple the giant. "Ow now that's playn' dirty." She squeals in surprise. The gentle giant was now beginning to arouse her as she wondered what he was thinking of doing to her next. Mirabelle finds herself upside down, her breasts drag against his thigh and he pulls her upside down. Before she can protest the big male throws her down into the hay pile. "Oooohhh!" she screams before landing upside down, her pussy up in the air with her hind legs sprawled outward. "Oh that ok George I'm alright." She blurts out in shock.

The fox steps closer with heavy footsteps crushing the dry, brittle hay below him with a new found desire for the girl. As he grabs her once more around the hip she manages to right herself in the hay, coughing a bit at his rough and equally lewd toss. Any dismay she might have felt from him melts away as she reaches out and places a paw on his pectoral. A deep growl rings out and Mirabelle squeaks, pulling her hand away in surprise. The little feline was in over her head. George jumps on top of her as his hormones rage. She squeals and somehow manages to leverage herself enough to land on top of him. "Oh George, I've got you now!" she cries out. His thick cock climbs her rump with a groan. The once gentle fox now growls at her as he aims his throbbing member for the girl's opening. Mirabelle begins to buck instinctively... her vulva had already secreted enough nectar to ride the whole farm and just as soon as he found his mark she began to ride him like a bronco.

George closes his eyes and groans as his strong arms pin her to his body. Feline moans crest over the motorboat purring coming from the delighted feline. Her pussy was full of big fox cock once again and she bounced up and down on it in a chaotic manner. The young feline bounces aimlessly on his cock, excited by the mere entry rather than controlling her partner's stimulation. "Be careful now... don't make me cum in ya." George says in his slow drawl. Strong hands take over and George regulates her humps. Mirabelle can only squeak in delight as he guides the young girl in the ways or cock-riding. George slides her paw down onto his chest and she takes hold of him. Muzzle wide open and panting the girl can only squeal as she's filled by the cock over and over. "Please George... don't tell... daddy..." she manages to pant. "Well... girl I'm yer daddy right now." George retorts before roughly pushing her off of him. Mirabelle lands in a heap, hind paws high in the air and her wet, engorged pussy pointed up. "Ah ow! What are you-" George pants a bit and then rolls over. Mirabelle cries out as the heavy male lays on top of her... she winces and looks back. "Owie..." she moans, teeth grit in pain from the intense pressure against her little tailhole. Mirabelle finally stops resisting and lets the stronger male slide forward.

George rubs her breasts and pulls any sharp piece of hay from her tender mounds. He groans in primal lust near her muzzle and pushes with his cockhead for her opening. "Ow-ow-ow-oooowwwiiiiee!" Mirabelle cries out, her paws grab at the hay in surprise. "Well missy... I think I did win that round..." he says with a grunt as his thick member pushes at her tiny tailhole. The strong invader pulls at her virgin sphincter as she squirms under him. Finally she gives up and grits her teeth. "Ahh! Oohh...fair... is fair..." she mumbles with her muzzle buried in the hay.

The huge fox begins to force his member into her half way before pumping her with his masculine form. Every ounce of his strength seems to go into reaming out Mirabelle's tailhole and she cries out and groans at the assault. The small framed girl is no match for the massive bulk of the fox and he easily tosses her body back and forth with each pump. His sweaty body drips onto her as she pants heavily. A heavy paw pushes against her back, forcing her face into the hay. Despite the pain, the feeling of fullness brings some pleasure to the beaten girl. "You... win..." she gasps and pants with closed eyes. The silky passage seems to massage George's cock and he groans in pleasure. He had never had such a tight opening and his knot was soon bumping her rump as he pushes under her tail.

George can't keep hold of himself and he pull out of her tight passage. A resounding fart can be heard as air pushed into her passage escapes. Mirabelle screams from the sensation of his cock pulling from her and he stands up. "Not my pussy, not my pussy!" she squeals but before she can finish a shower of thick musky cum spatters her back. Mirabelle winces and holds her position on her hands and knees.

She shakes in pain and pleasure from her new experience with her head held down. George grunts as he unloads his heavy balls onto her back. The lioness' arms shake and she falls onto her stomach, spent from the earlier wrestling. Mirabelle rolls onto her back with a groan, "Ohhh... my ass..."she complains.

"Boy that was mighty good." George compliments the beaten girl. "I'll have to bone up on wrasslin... you got me good..." "Well that there was the old tailhole grab." George explains as the last drops of cum slide from his pointed tip. "Where did ya learn that???" Mirabelle says with a confused expression. George quickly says, "Well better get ya clothes on now." Mirabelle lays panting, her tailhole aches from its rough first pumping it had just received. Her purring resumed as she sits up carefully, the sore tailhole causing her to move slowly.

“Yeah, daddy doesn’t like me gettn’ my clothes all messy from a playn with the help.” Mirabelle casually picks her teeth with a long piece of straw as they sit together. “Guess he dudn’ want no one else’s seed in me but his.” George blinks but stands looking at the farmer’s daughter with a satisfied expression. A voice from behind rings out, “Gawd-daym it! Belle! Get your ass in the house…” Mirabelle squeals and stands up. She hipity hops up past the hay heap, walking gingerly with a wince. “Get in there! Now we gotta make sure its gonna be -your- brother or sister!”

AG

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SWAMP RIVER

STARRING:
LANN HERON
AS JOE

DARKWOLF VESPERIA
AS SUE

&

DRACON HOWLEY
AS HONEY

SET CONSTRUCTION: TAURUS BERESFORD

A slow whistling filled the air as Joe wandered down his long road as he came home from the market. Living in the backwoods wasn't all that bad. Joe had peace and quiet and didn't have to worry about any neighbors stumbling across his daily activities with his young wife Honey. Their engagement may not have been well received by his family, but Joe was happy with his wife in his one room cabin.

As Joe turns the bend, the soothing sound of the running river grows near. Slowly, Joe puts down his package and stands upright. The door sits slightly ajar, but still latched by his trusty padlock. For its remoteness, the cabin received very little traffic from the outside world. Joe cocks his head to the side, "That's strange." He thinks as he pushes against the old creaky wood, trying to close the gap.

As he pauses to check his work Joe's ears flip back and he instinctually turns around, gazing about. From the river came a scent. Immediately Joe thinks of Honey, but as it grows stronger he can clearly tell that this female was not his girl, though strangely familiar. In curiosity, Joe follows his nose and walks closer to the river. With his muzzle held high in the air the canine sniffs out the pheromone laden aroma.

Joe stands confused at the sight, slowly rubbing the back of his furry head as he takes in the strange sight. "Hi there sugar!" the lady wolf says. From his angle he can just barely make out the tip of her muzzle past her large low hanging breasts. The furry orbs hang nearly out of their top, nipples just barely concealed by the bright red clothing. "Do you remember me sugarplum?" she asks with a deep southern accent. She giggles as she notices his stare.

Embarrassed, Joe looks away and stutters, “Well ma’am, I’m not sure.” He thinks for a moment, “You sure do smell like my girl Honey…” he finally says. The cool swamp breeze blows the wolf’s long hair across her muzzle.

“Mmmhmmm sugar, I’m Honey’s momma... Sue,” The sly wolf says. At the announcement of his marriage to Honey all those months ago, Joe’s eyes had met Sue literally and figuratively in a minor collision much to the delight of the older lady.

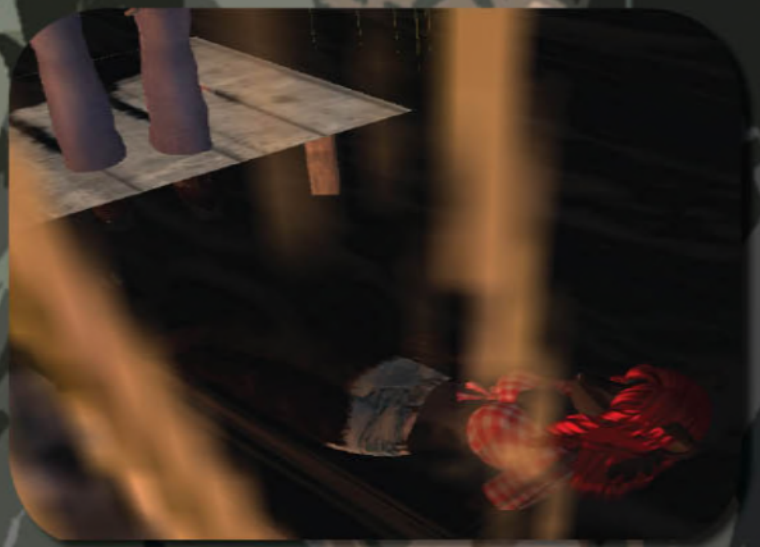
With a little sway and a stretch Sue reaches down and trails her pawtips though the water. “I’m sure my Honey’s kept ya real busy hasn’t she?” the old girl says. The scent of perfume was intoxicating and Joe found it difficult to stay focused on the conversation.

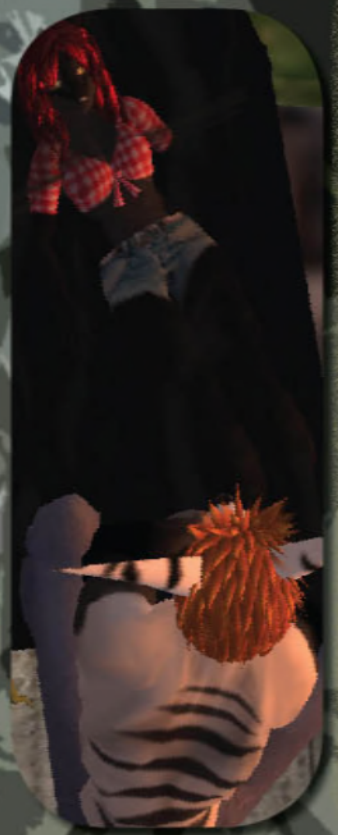
He nods and shies away after a brief stare at ther big breasts as the obscure her muzzle. “My my… I can imagine such a stud like you with my Honey. I bet she’s saddle-sore right about now hmm?” she asks. Again Joe nods. “That’s if she’s not too big from gettn knocked up yet.” She giggles with one paw over her muzzle.

Joe blushes, thoroughly mortified at the discussion of his sex life with his mother in law. A gust blows Sue’s hair into her muzzle and Joe sneaks a nice long look at her big breasts as they sway with her motion.

A sly grin creeps across Sue’s muzzle as the returns her pawtips to the water below. The lady wolf’s eyes fix intently upon Joe’s jeans and she licks her lips. With a damp paw, Sue reaches out towards his body longingly. “Oh clumsy me! I’m falln’!” she squeals. Startled, Joe jumps to the rescue, lunging forward at the lady wolf as she beings to slip. The swinging wolf hangs precariously on her perch with her paws stretched out towards Joe.

A few awkward seconds later she squeals and splashes into the water below. With eyes as big as dollars, Joe stands with outstretched paws in a state of shock. Below, Sue flails in the murky water, “Oh my… Help me you big stud!” As she lies on her back the black wolf splashes her paws against the water in a manner reminiscent of snow angel production. In a melodramatic manner Joe looks over the girl now resting in the shallow water.





Despite her situation Sue looks up at Joe’s crotch, admiring his budging package. “Oh mercy me! I’m a drownin!” she croons. Dark mud soon covers the underside of her legs as she squirms. The diligent male bends over to reach for her but finds she’s just out of reach, and inching further away. “Come get me sugar before I’m swept away!” she almost yells.

The trickling current runs aside her as Joe slips into the water, sinking into the silt rich mud below. With long strides Joe walks up to the fallen lady to find her top now soaked and her nipples well pronounced.

With a toss of her paw across her forehead Sue's other paw drags across her abdomen just below her top. She moans seductively as Joe grows near. The slender male carefully reaches under her body and pulls upward. Joe's paws pull against her soft body, causing Sue to coo as she's manhandled. "Sugar I'm stuck…" she says, trying to sound as pitiful as possible. As he heaves the limp wolf Joe finds himself sinking well into the mud. Sue looks up and reaches her paws out, "Here honey… pull me up and I'll hold on to ya…" she suggests with a huge smile.

Like a good boy, Joe straddles his mother in law and takes hold of her hips like a wrestler. Before he can get his grip the randy lady snatches him by the shoulders and pulls downward causing Joe's body to lurch forward. He grunts in surprise and finds himself kneeling over her, his inner thighs pressed against her large breasts. A hungry glint gleams in Sue's eyes, her female hormones still rage though her aging body screaming for her to take this stud.

Sharp claws poke at Joe's hips, pulling him tightly against Sue's bulging bosoms. Within his pants Joe's sac presses against the rough jeans as he works, sweaty from the warm humid swamp. Once again Sue's muzzle presses between her breasts as they fight against her top. She sniffs at his musky scent and closes her eyes briefly, "Honeyplum… Is there anything this momma can do for you?" Joe kneels over her in silence. Before he can answer a muddy paw presses against his crotch. A black wolf claw hooks his zipper tongue and slowly slides downward.

The wolf coos and squirms as she savors the deep musky scent of his loins followed by the slight thump of his sheath falling from his pants.

Licking her lips, Sue locks eyes with the male as she slides a wet paw into his pants with expert precision. The well traveled paws cup Joe's sac and one by one slide his balls out of their pocket. Like a wolf on the prowl, Sue pulls Joe by the hips causing his balls to nest between the jiggling orbs before them.

Sue puts on a sweet smile, “Oh sugar, my Honey ain’t gonna mind... this ain’t the first time... we share hunny.”

Stunned, Joe offers no resistance and holds her head as he watches the old girl start to work on him. Joe wasn’t one to turn down a blowjob and it looked to be the way things were headed.

Joe sits helpless as his mother in law rubs his organ, Honey runs though his mind and Joe finds himself torn between her and the feelings from his abdomen.

Sue closes her eyes and extends her long pink tongue. It flops out of her muzzle and hangs just below his sheath. The male repositions himself as he sinks further into the mud from their now combined weight. Slowly, the pink tongue rises up and brushes under his sheath. Joe’s fur bristles as he watches, slowly drawing his mother in law’s hair out of her face as she licks at his sheath.

Sue's muddy paw reaches between her breasts and begins to roll Joe's balls, the cool mud slickness him and sticky substance blots against her already dark fur. Joe's sac becomes stained with the soft mud as the expert paw rolls his sac. The cool black nose runs across his sheath and is soon greeted by the tip of Joe's member as his arousal grows. With her eyes still closed, Sue engulfs him and suckles the small amount of cock peeking out of the white, furry sheath. Like a lollipop, Sue licks as she sucks and emits a low hum of satisfaction at his musky taste.

As she sucks, Joe's cock slides further from its home and before long fills her muzzle completely, allowing Sue's throat muscles to pull and draw against him. Joe puts up no resistance to this unexpected blowjob and slides up closer to her, pushing more of himself into her warm, wet maw. Sue reaches down to her daisy dukes and begins to slide them off, Joe's cock still deep in her mouth. A sudden rush of energy runs through the male's body as the thought of his mother and law's pussy floods his mind.

The old country girl doesn't bat an eye as her pussy presses into the mud and she returns her muddy paw against Joe's back and draws him forward. He growls and pulls out of her body, "That's it Joseph! Show me like you do Honey!" she exclaims. But Joe needed no further prompting and pulls himself back. His eyes run across her black pussy lips and he lays down on top of his mother in law. As he slides down a top the buxom lady he hurriedly undoes his pants and wriggles out of them, tossing them in a wet mass against the shore.

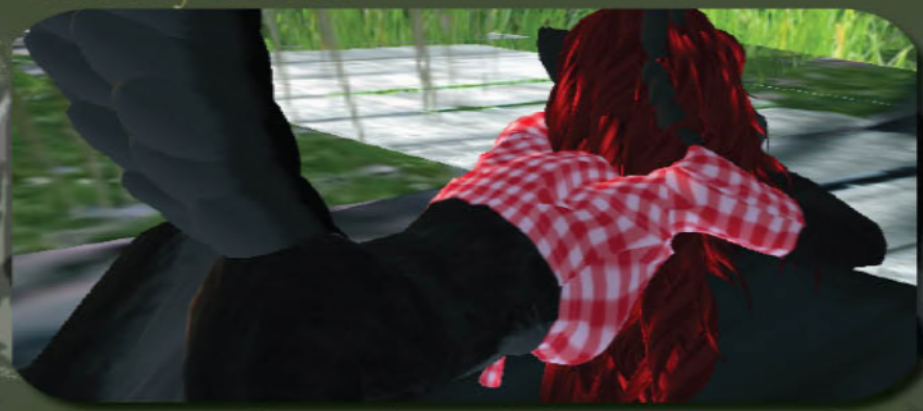
Sue's expert paws jack and massage his shaft as he lies on top, growling and humping against her belly as the mud slides onto both of their bodies. A gentle kiss on his cheek breaks his frenzy and he rears up, cock flying high in the air as he eyes the sloppy wet lady. Quick paw motions usher a shiver from the old girl, the wolf lays back and lets her son in law hike up her leg and push her into the mud. "Like what you see babe?" she coos with a smirk as she braces herself against the mud.

With a sharp jab, Joe slides into the dirty pussy before him and begins to buck. Screams of delight leave Sue's muzzle and she tosses her muzzle. In her years and years of sex, Sue hadn't felt many cocks tear into her with such ferocity.

His apparent lust shows though his stern facial expression, unwavering through the screams of joy coming from the delighted mother. Slick, well used folds draw against him, coaxing him to push deeper as they milk him gently. They match his rhythm and soon their intercourse becomes synced.

Thick pre jets from Joe's pointed tip and pool at the entrance of her womb, "We.. Made Honey like this…" she pants, bucking back against his assault with an open muzzle. Her pink tongue hangs out of her mouth and down the side of her muzzle as she's rutted in the mud. "I didn't even know his name…" Joe pumps her hard, pushing her deeper into the soft river mud until the water rushes around her breasts and nearly crests her nipples. "I still don't!" she blurts proudly.

The heat of the summer combined with the extra effort of fighting the persistent current and sticky mud, Joe's thrusts begin to waver. Flagged by the difficult conditions, the male pants and pushes downward with heavy labored slumps- the spirit willing but the body unable.



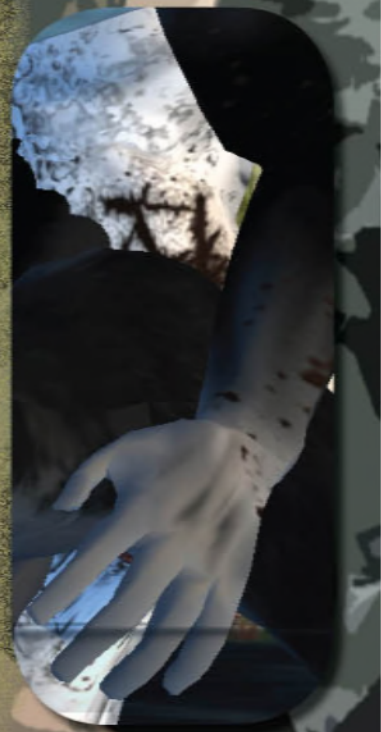
As a proud experienced slut, Sue spots the male's distress and leans up, "Mmm honey how about you pound my ass… nice and hard against the pier." She says with a smirk and a kiss. Panting heavily, Joe nods and withdraws against the filthy wolf. She slides up, pussy pressed against the mud and crawls to her knees.

From her days as a dancer, Sue swings her hips and wags her tail as she crawls, seducing the already enchanted Joe all the more. As he watches the show, Joe's stamina returns and he turns to face her. One strong paw squeezes her rump as he humps the air, his cock flopping and bouncing behind her messy rump.

"Mmm come on honey, in here." Sue says as she holds onto the wooden structure and slides her muddy paw down her back and grips her cheek. The lady lifts her tail high in the air and pulls up on the cheek, exposing her pink, inner lips to the male canine.

Like a magnet, Joe slides home and holds her hips, causing Sue to groan and grunt at the sudden reentry. Quick jabs greet her well used canal as Joe hammers her body like a jackhammer. Each thrust jars Sue, making a loud crack and a splash as the water rushes past them. "Make an old slut happy honey… fuck me hard as ya can!" Her beaten lips draw against his cock base as he ruts her deep and hard. At her stage of the game, Sue's beaten pussy cries for more stimulation. "Harder… fuck me harder!" she cries out. The loose pussy wraps around his pole as best it can, worn from decades of sex and hundreds of cocks.

The pair grunt and groan, Joe thrusts hard and fast, his heavy balls sway as he dominates Sue with an energy she hadn't experienced in years. Sue's head drops down and bumps against the pier with each thrust. She groans in pleasure care free as the mud slathers her body and her head jars against the wood as she's plowed.



From across the way a shrill voice rings out, "God dammit momma! Not with Joe! You keep doin' this!" Honey stomps onto the pier with her paws in the air. The slender wolf-bunny stands with one leg out, seething as she stares down her mother as she takes her boyfriend's cock.

Sue only groans and keeps her head down as Joe continues to hump her with abandon, his balls bounce and sway as he breeds her. Joe looks up at Honey, whose glare remains focused on Sue beneath him. “Oh... oh keep going... no sense stoppin’ now!” Sue groans, covered in mud from head to paw, Joe’s paw prints all over her back and against her muzzle.

“You filthy whore momma! That’s the third time!” Honey stamps her paw and crosses her arms with a glare that could stop a train dead in its tracks.

With her muzzle now hanging down in the mud Sue groans with the fullness of the cock in her loose, worn pussy. The funny huffs and squats, her tight pants drawing at the crotch exposing one of her labia past her shorts as she paws at her mothers’ muddy body. “Dammit momma! Stop it!” Honey grabs her mothers’ arms and tries to wrestle her.

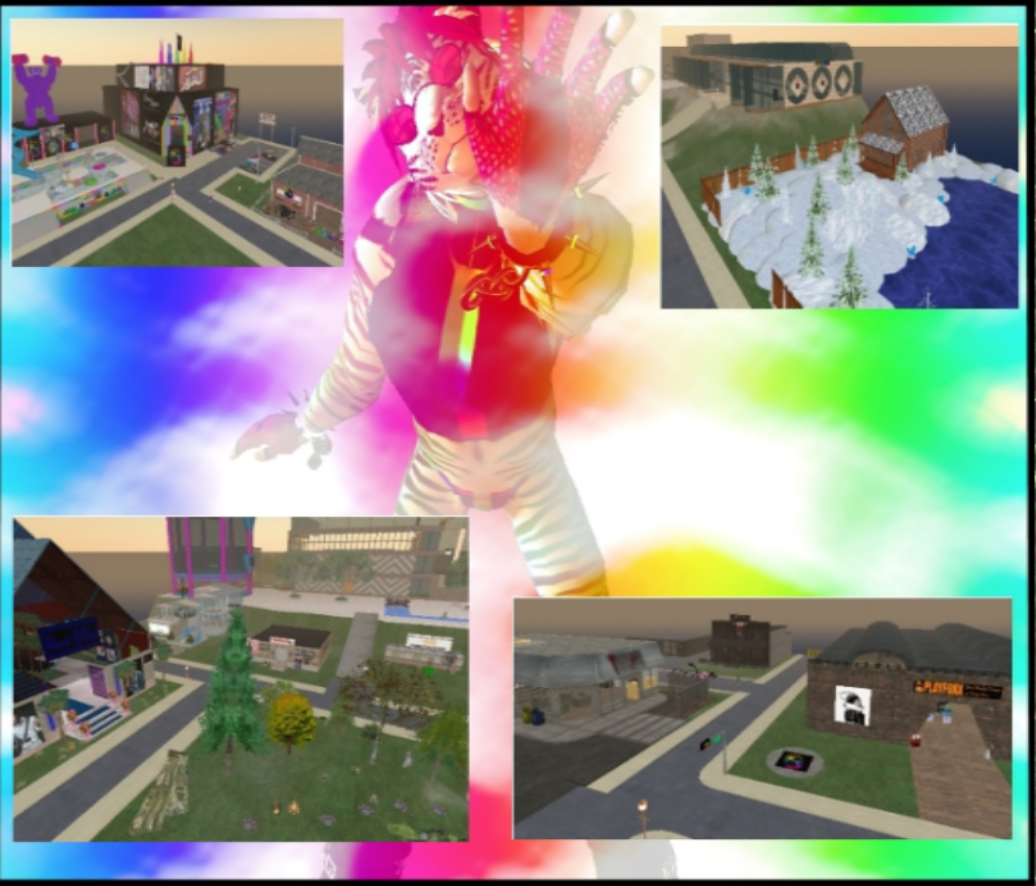
The old wolf groans and moans as she swats back, “Oh Honey! It’s so good!” she says with a deep groan. Honey grimaces as she pulls on her mother’s arm.

“Don’t cum in that! She’ll get puppies!” Honey squeals with a small growl.

Sue groans in response, “Oh Honey… that’s how I got you.” She pants, bucking back at Joe’s thrust as he continues to pound her, seemingly undaunted by the whole affair.

Joe watches his girlfriend’s bosom shake as she pulls on the lady wolf beneath him, her pink pussy peeking out of her pants as she squats. At the show before him and the resulting squeals and groans Joe winces and freezes. The old wolf’s head tosses back with a wide smile of satisfaction. Victoriously the slutty wolf coos, “Mmm Honey… I think it’s a family affair now…”

RAINBOW TIGER



Club Rainbow Tiger
Rainbow Stables
RT Angels
Yiff Boxes
Gym & Pool
Church of Elvis
Tie that binds
Events Hall
tenoversix.net
Pooka Park
Playfoxx
Pedeco
Kitty's Snowy Dream
Damaged Merchandise

Alien Abduction

STARRING

Venom Demme as Cindy

and

Aio Roberston as Krulak

STORYLINE CONSULTING

Xaen Rau, Emer Hanner

SET CONSTRUCTION

Shannon Yamabushi

A dusty cloud blows high above the golden rows of corn as the leopardess pads along on her way to the old barn at the end of the field. Cindy paused for a moment, looking up at the strange dust cloud in curiosity.

"Well I wonder what the hell that could be. Butthead musta forgot to fix those watering pipes. Dumbass."

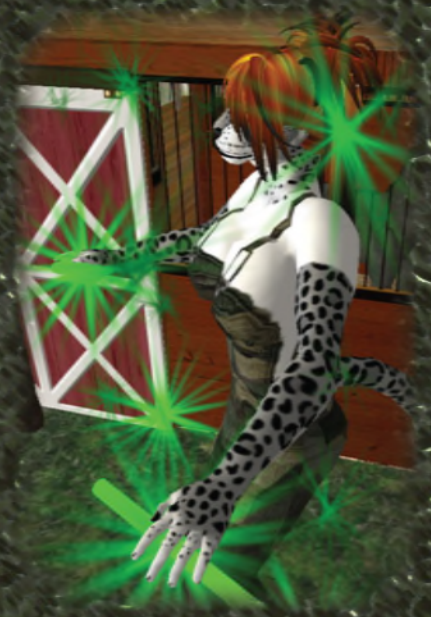
She thought with a sigh. Reluctantly, Cindy resumes her slow walk down the dirt path. At the end of the day she would be back home with him... hardly a reward for such a hard day's work.

As the cat doodles along her ears shoot up and her nose begins to scour the dry dusty air.

"What in the hell?!" Cindy exclaims as a low buzzing rings.

Startled, the feline tosses her head left and right before she feels her hind paws begin to lift off of the ground. The metal water bucket clangs to the hardened dirt path as the girl's paws flail on either side of her, desperately trying to free herself. To no avail, the leopardess struggles against nothing, she looks down at the ground as it slowly grows further away. Wiggling and meowing, Cindy can't help but notice a tingling in her lower abdomen as the velocity of her accent begins to increase.

Almost as if someone had flipped a switch, Cindy feels her heart rate increasing and her body temperature rising. She begins to pant as her breathing adjusts, Cindy can't believe her senses. Underneath her worn overalls, the feline feels a drip of her juices tickle down her inner walls. She shivers in response, only intensifying the tingling in her loins.



"Hey! What in the heck?!" she cries out and flails her arms and legs.

The feelings of warmth and pleasure spike with every movement of her body, spiking immensely with the flailing of her limbs. Cindy tries to calm herself despite her rapid breathing and she looks down at the bucket, now a tiny spec against the dusty path.

The strange sensation of weightlessness is nothing compared to the warmth Cindy feels against her inner labia, causing her body to react by producing juices like never before. It had been years since she had felt such wondrous sensations on her vulva and Cindy could do little more than stand as her body pushes closer to orgasm, faster than she had ever experienced. Already, Cindy can feel her orgasm rising, her pressure builds as she fidgets and the warmth intensifies. She gasps, arms quivering causing a spike of pleasure against her clitoris. Soon Cindy is on the verge of a whiteout, her vision feels fuzzy and she throws her head back and cries out.

Just then he orgasm crashes and waves of pleasure run though her body causing her limbs to jerk and shake, adding to the pleasure. As her arms bounce and shake, the jolts come to an almost painful intensity. "Oh... mercy..." she mumbles as the hardest orgasm of her young life rumbles though her body. Dazed, Cindy opens her eyes to a green glow above her head just before it grows blinding, outshining all else.

Cindy feels a cool surface beneath her hind paws as her weightlessness subsides. Discreetly she slides a paw down her body and finds her crotch completely soaked. A dark spot on kitty's overalls is visible even from her perspective, causing her to groan.

"Oh now what?" she asks before looking around.

Cindy's eyes widen as she takes a look at the strange new surroundings. Green orbs appear to pulsate as she stares at them as the hypnotizing glow lights the space. Cautiously, Cindy takes a step forward and peeks around the corner.

"Hey there!" rings a chipper voice from across the room.

Cindy jumps and hugs the wall, "Who are you?" she spouts in a sharp abrupt manner.

On a ledge at the other side of the room she can see a male skunk lounging casually, completely naked.

"Oh I'm- Krulak!" he says cheerfully. "Well that's what I've decided to call myself anyway. I think it fits with the surroundings don'tcha think?"

Cindy peers at him as he flops onto his belly and hangs over the edge of the bench. “Another one huh? Well welcome to the Zoom Room!” The advancing feline stops in her tracks.

“Zoom Room?” She blinks.

Krulak looks down at her stained overalls, “Yeah. Did the teleporter thingy do that to you too?” Cindy recoils and tries to cover her stained loins, hoping that her musky scent has stayed well within.

Egar to change the subject, Cindy asks, “So how long have you been here?” Krulak rolls onto his back and looks at the lady playfully.

“Oh like months probably. They keep me pretty busy hehe.” he chirps.

Cindy shifts her weight as she tries not to look at his well pronounced sheath. “Months? Well if we’re going to be here months we’ll need to come up with a better name for this place.” Krulak flips over and looks her over from head to toe.

“Yeah well I guess! But the girls aren’t here long...” he says, seemingly distracted by her appearance of arousal.

Cindy shrieks, “What?! What happens to them?”

Krulak looks over at her, “Oh I dunno... the girls disappear when we’re all done- or when they don’t do what the guys running this place want ya know?” he says, his tail wagging happily.

Cindy stands with one hand, “Well let me guess, they want me to be nude like you huh?” she asks before unbuttoning her overalls and letting them fall to the floor. Krulak looks her over happily and his tail wags even faster.

“Come on over? Have a seat!” he says as the cat walks over and sits daintily next to the fluffy male. The bench feels warm under her fur and she lounges on the surface, happy to receive its warmth after coming from the cool floor. Cindy curls her nude body up as she looks at the young stud before her, tail flapping calmly despite all the excitement of the day. Krulak turns and sniffs the air, his nose pointed upward and his eyes at a drowsy slant.

§

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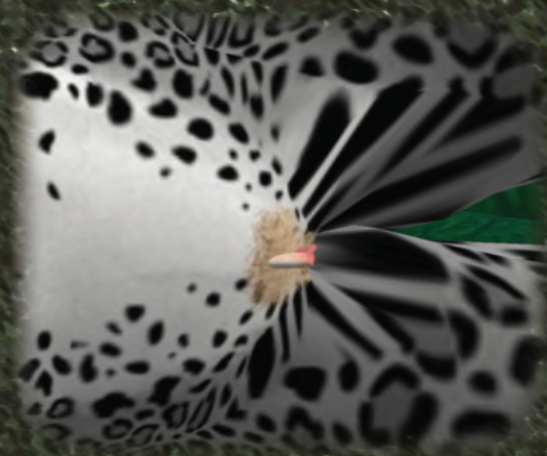
The musky scent of an aroused feline waits though the air and Krulak happily pants.

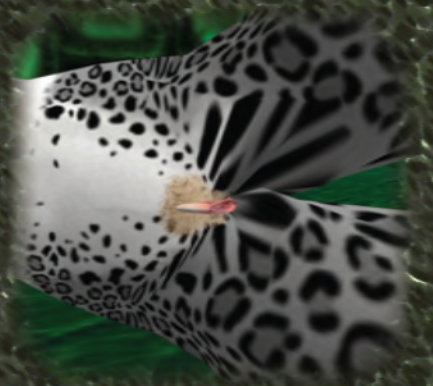
Cindy turns and looks at him with a little chuckle. “Oh do you smell something you like? Aren’t we frisky.”

§

Krulak looks at her with big puppy eyes and inches towards her, dragging his belly against the warm surface as his nose wiggles. With a roll of the eyes Cindy stands up and faces away and back towards the far wall. So you never told me what happens to the other girls who don’t do as they’re told?” she says slowly, tail flicking behind, occasionally giving Kurlak just a glimpse of her pink mound.



"No-no I don't think its anything bad... well persay...I'm kinda thinkn the only way out of this place is well to..." Krulak trails off, mesmerized by her undertail. With a seductive flare, Cindy turns around and faces the young male, causing him to stir and sit upright. From her distance she can easily see his black rod emerging. He in his early stages of his erection may have already been larger than her husband and was obliviously proud of his size.



Now was her chance. With no husband around Cindy could let loose and that she did. "Oh please honey..." she says in a slow calm tone.

Cindy flicks her long hair down from its bun and takes a step forward, crossing her legs as she does. "No really! They seem to like it when we do it- well I do it with the girl they bring me anyway." Krulak sits back and enjoys the slinky feline approach him, his arms sit back against the bench leaving his member hanging in the air. Slowly and deliberately Krulak grows, his black rod begins to leave its sheath faster as the girl approaches. Like the girls she'd seen in her husband's pornos Cindy places a paw on her hip and swings herself around.

She bends over and slowly pulls her tail to the side, "Ah..." she giggles after, sensing the skunk's excitement.

Krulak's cock hovers just inches from her vulva, pumping slightly as he stares longingly at her opening. The feline looks down at her blonde patch, her folds remain slightly engorged from her recent orgasm.

A familiar tingling begins in her breasts, Cindy gasps and she looks down. To her surprise, her breasts begin to grow. Slowly they slide down as their weight increases and a plump roundness begins to become more pronounced with each breath. Cindy can barely believe her eyes and reaches her paws down to her growling breasts. Sure enough, her paws confirm her new figure.

Her breasts now hung down and swayed with her breath and Cindy feels their new weight against her chest. She turns, exposing her new assets to the skunk "Woah! Best one yet!" Krulak cries as he bounces a bit and leans forward, cock against his chest. Cindy stands proudly, she finds the reaction of the skunk cute and she wobbles her breasts for him.

"Like what you see? I have a feeling I'm not the only girl you've seen this happen to." A smirk runs across the feline's muzzle and she climbs up onto the bench. Her legs run against the skunk's thighs and his thick member presses against her belly, tickling her clitoris as it rides against. "Sugar I have a feeling we're meant to do this..." she suggests with a coo.

Krulak's head nods as he remains against the bench and lets Cindy's now warm, tingly body only intensified by the hung shaft on her loins. "Mmm baby... momma's been without this too long..." she purrs.

The feline's paw grasps his cock and massages his pointed head. Krulak groans and enjoys her new cleavage, jiggling with each movement of her paw on his cock. Like she was churning butter, Cindy jacks the black cock before her as the tingling in her lions returns and she begins to draw herself against his base and equally large balls. As her juices begin to coat his sac, their musky scents mix and flow freely in the air only exciting the sexually deprived feline all the more.

Cindy brings her long thighs up and rests on her knees precariously. She holds his long cock and aims it for her body. As he slides past her lips she shivers and begins her decent, impaling herself with the rock hard rod. Just as soon as he hits her cervix she being so ride him, returning her paws to his hips and bucking steadily.

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The mood changes to that of urgency, Cindy's warm body screams for her to ride the male's pole. Cindy does just that. As she bounces the feline's massive breasts bounce hard against her chest and Krulak leans in to sniff them. "Come on honey... I know how ya love them." She pants, mind focused upon riding the black cock inside of her body. She feels as if his massive member is pulling against her insides, determined to enter her further.

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Wobbling and swaying, her top-heavy figure begins to lean in against him followed by her big breasts. Krulak leans in to the huge boobs and pushes his muzzle between them to receive a gentle slapping against both sides. The young skunk appears to be in hog heaven, his long pole deep inside strange kitty pussy and his muzzle assaulted by one of the largest sets of breasts he'd laid eyes on- let alone smothered with.

With abrupt, haughty thrusts Cindy rides Krulak's long pole, forcing the thick shaft into her body with hard thumps. She pants with each hump, purring as she exhales in a beleaguered pattern. Breasts bounce, tails swish, Cindy growls in her mating frenzy. Her body flashes with heat as if she were in heat, her musky scent billows from her folds as the pumps her lover's body with grit teeth.

Suddenly Cindy growls and grabs Krulak's thigh. "Woah! What-" Krulak exclaims as the feline on top of him slides Krulak onto his back and begins to throw herself onto him, hungry for the long shaft and desperate to feel his cock deep within.

In a frenzy, Cindy meows and purrs heavily as she gets what she wants, what she needs. Still, she rides him as if her life depended on it, grinding her lips against his base as the skunk cock presses against her unused tunnel and against her tiny cervix.

"Oh honey! Come on! Momma needs it." She meows.

Krulak feels his leg in the cat's grasp, claws digging lightly into his skin as she nails him. Cindy's head draws back as she tries to push him in even further, instinctually keeping him pinned within her. The skunk happily lays back as the feline slams herself down on top of him, jarring his body with each full hump.

Below, Krulak's heavy balls rest against the warm bench, sliding and bouncing with each hump of the feline above just as her breasts bounce up and down before him. Soon her grasp on Krulak's thigh is not enough and Cindy throws herself down on him, his hard cock bending slightly as she lays down. Both breasts press against Krulak's chest, the thick breasts support her weight and press down on his body.

He happily embraces the kitty as she humps back, meowing in his face as her tail rides high in the air. She bucks forward and back, drawing her clit against his body and her sensitive new nipples against his.

Panting and mewing, Cindy stares into Krulak's eyes her breath blows against his and she looks down at her breasts to meet his gaze. "I love these... new things." She cries out, followed by a long low meow. Cindy cums hard, squeezing his shaft as she receive the pleasurable friction of her nipples against his course fur and her clit dragging against his dampened crotch. She continues to buck despite her second, mind-blowing orgasm of the day. With much the same vigor as before, Cindy pushes back against the skunk, her paws hold his arms and she inexplicably wraps her paws around his. Krulak pants gently as he stares at the huge breasts before him.

His eyes close and he feels his balls jump. With a groan he releases his seed deep within her and he feels the end of her tunnel expand, feeling as if engulfs his member deep inside.

Sharp meows escape her muzzle and her claws come out. Krulak winces as his thick seed billows into her womb, flooding her uterus with his potent, life-giving semen. He fights her paws to place his on her firm rump and she meows and fights him. “I knew you were gonna do that...” she manages, still laying flat against him now with her head against his chest.

Still panting, the skunk replies, “It’s my job I think.” The couple sits for a few minutes as Krulak’s semen settles within her body. As they pant, the pair stares awkwardly at each other. “So... that transporter thing is pretty wild how it makes ya cum huh... yeah that was pretty messy... I remember...that’s why I’m nude now.” The warm, viscous mass feels like the warmest thing she had felt thus far from the experience and she savors the feeling of fullness in her womb.

Cindy sighs, "I figured they didn't make you walk around naked up here..." The skunk happily plays with her breasts and she smiles, "Love these new puppies huh." He nods and nuzzles them happily.

He licks and nuzzles them profusely, licking at their side and cooing. Alarmed Cindy asks, "What's the rush? I think we'll have plenty of time together if you know what I mean... this might be a long trip." The feline winks.

Krulak pauses and looks up at her, his cock still erect within her folds, holding his semen within her. "Ah... well that's weird...usually you're gone by now." Krulak says, puzzled.

"Oh you're just a playboy aren't ya?" She squeezes him in side and they share a laugh. Krulak looks over at the far wall and back at her.

"Yeah I guess." He says, muzzle turned to the side.

"Oh gee thanks...well it was fun though..." Cindy says with a huff.

Krulak looks over at the far wall and absentmindedly blurts, "Oh yeah I think you're pregnant"

The filled feline bocks. "Whaaaaat?!" Again Krulak looks over at the wall.

"Yeah I think it's the whole point of this, not sure though." And awkward silence ensues as they stare at each other. Within her body, Cindy feels the warm cum shift and she groans, sliding a paw to her abdomen.

"Maybe we're married?" He asks, slowly rubbing his length. "No, my husband would probably kill us both."

Shocked, Krulak looks up, then over to the wall. "Oh wow? For real? Wow yeah that's gonna be sorta tough. Especially now that you're gonna be full of little skunks. Well I guess you better make yourself at home..."

A clattering from against the far wall rings though the air and Krulak's ears shoot up. He slides out from under Cindy and scampers over to the wall. The young skunk bends over and sticks head in the trough.

"Oh hey look you got more too!" Slowly, Cindy pats her tummy and thinks a bit. A smile runs across her face as she watches the little skunk pushing pawfulls of food into his muzzle.

"Oh ..ghrm.. hay,.. the cable's down, but I think they're fixing it or something." Krulak says with a full mouth. The feline thinks to herself and watches the festivities, this may be a better life. Cindy purrs and gets up, the warm seed sliding from her body and onto the floor as she pads over to the male.

"Yeah. Defiantly a better life." She thinks to herself before joining Krulak at the trough.

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